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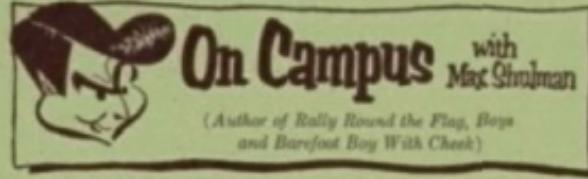
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HAPPINESS CAN'T BUY MONEY

With tuition costs steadily on the rise, more and more undergraduates are looking into the student loan plan. If you are one such, you would do well to consider the case of Leonid Sigafoos.

Leonid, the son of an unemployed bean gleaner in Straightened Circumstances, Montana, had his heart set on going to college, but his father, alas, could not afford to send him. Leonid applied for a Regents Scholarship, but his reading speed, alas, was not very rapid—three words an hour—and before he could finish the first page of his exam, the Regents had closed their briefcases crossly and gone home. Leonid then applied for an athletic scholarship, but he had, alas, only a single athletic skill—picking up beesbees with his toes—and this, alas, aroused only fleeting enthusiasm among the coaches.

And then—happy day!—Leonid learned of the student loan plan: he could borrow money for his tuition and repay it in easy installments after he left school!

Happily Leonid enrolled in the Southeastern Montana Col-



lege of Lanolin and Restoration Drama and happily began a college career that grew happier year by year. Indeed, it became altogether ecstatic in his senior year because Leonid met a coed named Anna Livia Plurabelle with hair like beaten gold and eyes like two sockets full of Lake Louise. Love gripped them in its big moist palm, and they were betrothed on St. Crispin's Day.

Happily they made plans to be married immediately after commencement—plans, alas, that were never to come to fruition because Leonid, alas, learned that Anna Livia, like himself, was in college on a student loan, which meant that he not only had to repay his own loan after graduation but also Anna Livia's and the job, alas, that was waiting for Leonid at the Butte Otter Works simply did not pay enough, alas, to cover both loans, plus rent and food and clothing and television repairs.

Heavy hearted, Leonid and Anna Livia sat down and lit Marlboro Cigarettes and tried to find an answer to their problem—and, sure enough, they did! I do not know whether or not Marlboro Cigarettes helped them find an answer; all I know is that Marlbros taste good and look good and filter good, and when the clouds gather and the world is black as the pit from pole to pole, it is a heap of comfort and satisfaction to be sure that Marlboro will always provide the same easy pleasure, the same unstinting tobacco flavor, in all times and climes and conditions. That's all I know.

Leonid and Anna Livia, I say, did find an answer—a very simple one. If their student loans did not come due until they left school, why then they just wouldn't leave school! So after receiving their bachelor's degrees, they re-enrolled and took master's degrees. After that they took doctor's degrees—loads and loads of them—until today Leonid and Anna Livia, both aged 87, both still in school, hold doctorates in Philosophy, Humane Letters, Jurisprudence, Veterinary Medicine, Civil Engineering, Optometry, Woodpulp, and Dewey Decimals.

Their student loans, at the end of the last fiscal year, amounted to a combined total of nineteen million dollars—a sum which they probably would have found some difficulty in repaying had not the Department of the Interior recently declared them a National Park.

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You don't need a student loan—just a little loose change—to grab a pack of smoking pleasure: Marlboro, sold in all fifty states in familiar soft pack and Flip-Top box.